UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOL. LXXV THURSDAY, MAY 27, 1915. NUMBER 13

WHAT WAS HIS CREED?

"He left a load of anthracite
In front of a poor widow's door,
Where the deep snow, frozen and white,
Wrapped street and square, mountain and moor.
That was his deed,
He did it well.
What was his creed?
I cannot tell.

He had great faith in loaves of bread
For hungry people, young and old
And hope-inspiring words he said
To those he sheltered from the cold.
For man must feed
As well as pray.
What was his creed?
I cannot say.

In words he did not put his trust,
In faith his words were never writ,
He loved to share his cup and crust
With any one who needed it.
He took the lead
In each good task.
What was his creed?
I did not ask.

He put his trust in God, and worked
Ever along with hand and head,
And what he gave in charity
Sweetened his sleep and daily bread.
Let us take heed,
Our lives amend,
Adopt his creed,
Nor fear the end."

—*E. P. Powell.*

The latest thing in "Leagues" is the proposed "Boycott the Fly League," which is to be organized in Chicago, and which is to seek the support of the City Council and the State Legislature with a view of compelling all dealers in food products, drugs, etc., to join in the war. Committed as we are to peace, we commend this warlike movement.

The Knights of Pythias of the city of Chicago have taken active measures to "separate their lodge halls from the buildings in which saloons and other sources of lawlessness are found." They also have taken steps to photograph all undesirable lodge-hall buildings in the city and have sent pictures of the same to the Mayor of Chicago, and have urged similar action on the part of the Odd Fellows and other fraternal societies. Thus, slowly but surely, the lines are closing in around General John Barleycorn and his motley army. They are facing death from thirst, if they don't capitulate in time to save their lives; for the country is "drying up," the drought is spreading and is felt in all sections of the world.

Last Sunday the Blackstone Hotel, the latest, best and most fashionable thing in the way of a hotel in Chicago, closed its bar, indicating its readiness to respect the Sunday law, a law which has always been openly defied in Chicago. The other hotels have announced their intention of staying in the ranks of the law breakers until they are all ready to quit together. Why not? That is the next step to take. The builders of the Blackstone have announced in connection with this step that they foresaw the coming of prohibition and their bar room was so planned that it could be dispensed with without disturbing the utilities and the beauty of the building. Let others go and do likewise. It is coming sure, and it behooves landlords to get ready for it.

The American Prison Association announces that its Congress for 1915 is to be held in Oakland, California, October 2-7. A special train tour will be made from Chicago to Oakland under the personal direction of the President and Secretary. This will give those interested in this work at least six days of delightful communion in an informal way where the mountains will mingle with the hopes for all men and the scenery will inspire them to plot and plan for the establishment of justice and the installation of wiser methods in the handling of those maimed in spirit and crippled in will. Joseph Byers of Trenton, New Jersey, is the President of the organization and George L. Schon, 1086 Baxter Avenue, Louisville, Kentucky, is Secretary.

Erving Winslow, a Boston man, whose interesting insight into national and international affairs would place him in Congress if Boston only knew its opportunities and its duty, has a wise word in the Boston *Advertiser* of May 15 on international action. He thinks that representatives of the South American nations, along with those from Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Portugal and Spain, might assemble for a short time in Washington, where they would undertake to "rebuild the shattered fragment of international law." He says international law will become a real entity when supported by world opinion, that that opinion, acting through such a league of the great nations, as is advocated by ex-President Taft, would oftentimes render an appeal to a court of arbitration unnecessary.

We are not able to tell what sins, theological or otherwise, were attributed to the Rev. Joseph E. McAfee, one of the secretaries of the Presbyterian Board of Home Missions, but we know that his dismissal was promptly resented by the progressive men in pulpit and press; that he has been reinstated to the manifest gratification of the majority of those in leadership, as reflected in *The Continent;* and that UNITY *would* be disloyal to its mission if it did not record its congratulations, not simply to the Presbyterians, but to all those who are trying to advance the cause of the forward lookers, those who are trying to interpret Christianity in twentieth century terms. *The Continent,* speaking editorially, says: "Like every other live American institution in this epoch, Presbyterianism is progressive and wants leadership only from forward looking men, as President Wilson would say."

An indignant correspondent writes explosively protesting against the ministers who indulge in the "vile and sinful habit of smoking." He foresees a tendency in this alarming increase of smoking on the part of the would-be best citizens and our moral and spiritual leaders, a tendency toward Turks and Spaniards. He urges that it is the duty of God-loving preachers, representatives of the Gospel of Christ, to call a meeting at an early date to "devise united action to clean our nation of this wicked and degenerating habit of a large portion of our men." When the Editor of UNITY recently remarked to the Chancellor of the Leland Stanford, Jr., University, Doctor Jordan, "As soon as we get this war business settled and the saloons out of commission, I am going to enlist in a crusade against tobacco and smoking," "Better not wait. Begin right now. It is needed," was the advice of the great educator.

The Dean of the Canterbury Cathedral has given notice that he will fight the idea of prohibition in the Kingdom because he does not propose to abstain from liquor. He says he has tried it and it has proved not good for his health. This drinking parson scarcely represents the England to which Helen Gray Cone has sung her splendid "Chant of Love," first published in the February *Atlantic,* the England that is to light

> The lives that are yet unborn.

The express companies are again patriotically moved to oppose the suggestions of the Postmaster General that fourth class matter be accepted for delivery without prepayment of postage. This, we take it, would greatly facilitate parcel post activities in the handling of the edible commodities which the country has to offer the city and, also, the merchandise which the city has to give in exchange.

Uncle Sam is making a great success of it as a banker. The present Postmaster General is perfecting a system by which any citizen of the United States may become a depositor in his bank by mail, sending his deposits and drawing upon the same through his local postmaster. The new leaflet giving the details of this arrangement is being printed in twenty-two foreign languages, to be used in the local postoffice of Chicago. The need of this becomes apparent when we learn through the report that out of 500,000 and upward of depositors now in the postal savings banks, 40 per cent, or 200,000, are foreign born, and these represent more than 50 per cent of the deposits. The foreigner, alas, has learned through sad and humiliating experience the dastardly wickedness of "bogus private banks officered by swindlers of their own tongue, who have preyed mercilessly upon their loneliness and credulity." It is encouraging to note from the Government document that notwithstanding the hard times, perhaps on account of the hard times, there was a net gain of $8,000,000 in the deposits of the eight months prior to April first over the same months of the year previous, the aggregate being $19,000,000. Surely Uncle Sam is a success as a banker.

And now it is John Dill Robertson, M. D., that is Commissioner of Health for the city of Chicago. His initial Bulletin, which is issued weekly, starts out saying, "The city of Chicago is to be congratulated on the spirit of cleanliness which is spreading so rapidly throughout the city." This "spirit of cleanliness" must have been born under the administration of Doctor Young and his predecessor. It did seem that he was a good officer and his department was efficiently administered by the admission of all concerned. Why did he go? Did he have to go and a new man have to be installed, who must spend a lot of his time and the public money in simply getting acquainted with the situation, just because the new Mayor was a Republican, and all Democrats, however efficient, must be supplanted? Doctor Young was only one of the many expert departmental heads who had to be beheaded by a new Mayor in order that he might pay his political debts and organize his partisan staff. Perhaps it is unfair to expect that a partisan Mayor could do otherwise than to ruthlessly tear the municipal fabric. He and his friends may well retort, "They all do it!" But the poor, bleeding, politically ridden city ventures to pray, "God grant that it may not always be so." When, oh, when, will the Mayor arrive whose whole

duty will be to the city and when all acts that sacrifice the well being of the city to the promotion of parties will be considered acts of treason?

It is with sincere regret that we come to what is probably the end of Dr. Smith Baker's articles on "My Library." We hope our readers discovered their value early enough to profit by the series as they came. The intellectually thrifty ones have undoubtedly tried to preserve the series. Each article testified to the wide reading, the judicious poise, the ethical insight and spiritual loftiness of a cultivated mind. The present writer, whose book life has run strangely parallel with that of the good physician of Utica, would rejoice to know that this series of articles has found more worthy embodiment in a fitting volume. It would be a valuable guide book to the young men and women of high school and college ages who are lured into the higher realms of study before it is too late, and such a book would prove an antidote to the academic dangers of our day which threaten to fill our country with graduates who are ignorant of books—young men and women who are proud of their degrees, but who do not know how to spell and who are rather proud of their ignorance of the imperishable treasures of literature. The technical sciences, the many handed and much colleged specialties that foster the engineering arts all the way from a loaf of bread to a bridge, and from a bridge to a surveying of the community's needs are not to be despised, neither are they to be taken as a substitute for the poets, philosophers and the prophetic oracles of the ages. Many a college graduate, in his spiritual emaciation and intellectual hunger, may well cry with the dying Herder, "Give me a great thought that I may refresh myself with it." On behalf of many readers we thank Doctor Baker for the richness from his "Library."

The preliminary program of the International Women's Peace Congress, recently so successfully held in Holland, April 28-30, which was beaten out by the American delegates on board the S. S. Noordam is before us. The definition of the terms of peace is worthy of wide circulation. It is significant that slowly there is growing a consensus of methods to pursue as well as of principles involved among the peace men and only the superficial skeptic can dispose of the demand of the pacifists with a "Why don't you tell us what to do?" or "Until you agree on some plan among yourselves there is not much that can be done." Here is both principle and plan which practically agrees with the demands of peace societies and pacific statesmanship everywhere.

1. *Plea for Definition of Terms of Peace—*

A. Considering that the people of each of the countries now at war believe themselves to be fighting not as aggressors, but in self-defence and for their national existence, this International Congress of Women urges the governments of the belligerent countries: (1) First and foremost, out of respect for the opinions of mankind, to define the terms on which they are willing to make peace; (2) In order that these terms may be considered, immediately to call a truce; (3) In case they do not call a truce, to avail themselves of continuous mediation without armistice.

B. This Congress further urges that the neutral countries shall immediately be asked to take steps to create a Conference of Neutral Nations, and to send delegates to such a Conference, which shall offer continuous mediation without waiting for armistice or for the specific permission of the warring Powers, by inviting suggestions for settlement from each of the belligerent nations, and in any case submitting to all of them simultaneously reasonable proposals as a basis for peace.

2. *International Organization.*

A. This International Congress of Women, believing that war is the negation of all progress and civilization, declares its conviction that future international disputes should be referred to arbitration or conciliation, and urges that in future these methods shall be adopted by the governments of all nations.

B. In addition to disputes of a juridical character, however, we recognize that there arise complications growing not out of the violation of treaty rights nor the failure to perform duties imposed by the law of nations, but out of conflicting interests or ideals of an economic, commercial, industrial, social or political character.

For the adjustment of these issues there exists at present no adequate international agency. Such an agency would have to be so constituted that it could formulate and enforce those principles of justice, equity and goodwill in accordance with which the interests of the great Powers, the rights of weaker and backward peoples, and the struggles of subject communities for fuller recognition, could be gradually adjusted under an international public intelligence.

We therefore declare our conviction that future international complications resulting from economic competition, expanding commerce, increasing population, and changes in social and political demands should be dealt with by an international congress to be at the earliest practicable moment appropriately organized and adequately equipped. We take notice of the fact that under certain conditions of reoganization the Third Hague Conference could perform the services herein described.

3. *Political and Economic Readjustment.*

A. This International Congress of Women recommends that there should be no disposition of territory without the consent of the men and women in it.

B. Inasmuch as the investment by capitalists of one country in the resources of another country and the claims arising in connection with such investments are a fertile source of international complications, this Congress urges the widest possible acceptance of the principle that such investments shall be made at the risk of the investor, without claim to the official protection of his government.

C. This Congress further recommends the abolition of all preferential tariffs, and the neutralization of the Seas and of such maritime trade routes as the Panama Canal, the British Channel, the Dardanelles, the Suez and the Kiel Canals, the Straits of Gibraltar, etc.

4. *Protest.*

War, the *ultima ratio* of diplomacy, we women declare to be a madness, possible only to a people intoxicated with a false idea; for it destroys everything the constructive powers of humanity have taken centuries to build up.

5. *Women's Responsibility.*

This International Congress of Women is convinced that one of the strongest forces for the prevention of war will be the combined influence of the women of all countries, and that therefore upon women as well as men rests the responsibility for the outbreak of future wars. But as women can only make their influence effective if they have

equal political rights with men, this Congress declares that it is the duty of the women of all countries to work with all their force for their political enfranchisement.

6. *Women's Sufferings in War.*

This International Congress of Women protests against the assertion that war means the protection of women. Not forgetting their sufferings as wives, mothers, and sisters, it emphasizes the fact that the moral and physical sufferings of many women are beyond description, and are often of such a nature that by the tacit consent of men the least possible is reported. Women raise their voices in commiseration with those women wounded in their deepest sense of womanhood and powerless to defend themselves.

GENERAL.

7. *Promotion of International Good Feeling.*

This International Womens Congress, which is in itself an evidence of the serious desire of women to bring together mankind in the work of building up our common civilization, considers that every means should be used for promoting mutual understanding and goodwill between the nations.

It therefore condemns the denial by a nation of the equal protection of its laws to the citizens of any nation within its borders, and it recommends international co-operation in order that all nations may discharge together their common responsibility for the protection of health, morals, and other international interests.

8. *Education for the Promotion of Peace.*

Realizing that the outbreak of wars is greatly favored by the idealization of the military and the undervaluation of the civil aspects of life, and by the system of ideas which finds in brute force an honorable method of deciding disputes, this International Congress of Women urges the necessity of clarifying and moralizing conceptions of patriotism, heroism and honor.

To this end this International Congress of Women solicits the co-operation of the pulpit, the press, and of all patriotic, fraternal and educational organizations. It also urges that all believers in peace use their influence against the abuse of the military appeal in literature, the drama, music and the plastic arts.

Edward Payson Powell

The arrival of the "appreciation" by our esteemed contributor, Dr. Smith Baker of Utica, which appears in another column, was our first news of the going hence of the virile, fertile, frank, many-handed, always earnest and enthusiastic contributor and friend, whose name appears above. It is hard to realize that the familiar initials, "E. P. P.," are to appear no longer in our Study Table Department.

Mr. Powell's connection with UNITY parallels the life of UNITY. He was with it at the beginning and stayed by it to the end of his life. So far as his fellowship with UNITY and his continued support is concerned he grew not old. He wearied not. His contributions in these latter years were largely in the way of book reviews and literary comment. His judgments were always frank and fearless. He was as ready to commend as he was to blame, and his "blame" was such as to command the respect of the author. No better witness to the same can be offered than the fact that many of the standard publishers in America, knowing that he was on the literary staff of UNITY, preferred to send their books direct to him rather than run the risk of their being passed to less competent hands from the central office.

But book reviewing and book writing were but incidents in the life of this busy man. Sixty years or more ago he was ordained to the ministry and he was never disloyal to the high vocation. Before that he was born to the farm. His mother was the famous "Berry Woman" of her part of New York State and he was true to the land to the end.

The mere cataloging of the main facts of his life is stimulating and revealing. Born of vigorous, hard-working, farmer parents at Clinton, New York, on the 9th of May, 1833, he was a graduate of Hamilton College at twenty, of the Union Theological Seminary at twenty-three; was ordained to the Congregational ministry in 1861. He served for two years a parish at Deansville, New York, after which he became pastor of a Congregational Church at Adrian, Michigan, for ten years. He was widely known through the state as the "friend of boys" and their spiritual guide on many lines. From 1871-73 he was pastor of a Congregational Church in St. Louis. Then, his active mind yielding to the forces that were revolutionizing the religious thought of the world, he left his orthodox surroundings and became pastor of the Third Unitarian Church in Chicago, where he remained for three years. But his intense nervous energy caused the "sword of the spirit" to fret its scabbard, and for health reasons he retired to the old homestead, the little ten-acre farm near Clinton, to begin that marvelously fertile life with pen and hand. He became the tireless editorial writer on the staff of the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat,* the *Independent,* the *Christian Register,* New York, the *Arena* and various other papers. He was a member of the Arbitration Congress which convened in Washington in 1896, member of the American Historical Association, Vice-President of the Congress of Religion. "Our Heredity from God," which appeared in 1886, served as an epoch making book in the lives of thousands of people who were trying to readjust their faith in God and man on the basis of evolution. It served as a text-book for countless study classes fostered by and through UNITY, and the nearly three decades that have passed since its writing has not rendered it obsolete. It has continued to be a selling book through all these years. Four years later his "Liberty and Life" appeared, being seventeen sermon studies along the same line, a book that would have had a more significant recognition were it not over-shadowed by its greater predecessor. In 1896 his historical studies brought out "Nullification and Secession in the United States." Then followed those charming books that are as delightful to the eye, hand and mind of the city bred as they are to country folk, his "Country Home," "In the

Orchard and Fruit Garden," "How to Live in the Country," "Windbreaks," etc. Mr. Powell loved his rugged New York. He was an enthusiastic champion of its winters as well as its summers, but his irrepressible spirit and keen judgment some years ago carried him into the summer land of Florida. Here he could be no winter boarder. No sooner was he there than he began to plant and prune and build, and the new home at Sorrento, Florida, came into being. It did not take him long to discover that *his* Florida was a good place to live in all the year round, and he became a garden missionary for the summer land. Truck and fruit engaged his enthusiastic study as they had done while on his New York farm. All the while his pen was busy, as the readers of UNITY know.

It is a most interesting and touching fact that his last book, which bears the date of 1914, was a metrical interpretation of the story of the New Testament and its spiritual hero. He entitled his book "He Who Won the World, a Poem of the Twentieth Century Christ." The book was lovingly dedicated to "Jesus, whose message was peace, whose gospel was love." It was not a case of a man in his old age returning to his early love, but it was the beautiful consummation of a life-long study, a tireless search for things eternal. The finale of the book may well be taken as his final message.

For the Golden Rule is the rule that wins,
And the nations shall heed its will;
And the days dawn close that will melt the sword,
And the might of right fulfill.

Straight down through the ages ever has run
One line of prophecy true,
That whatever of wrong might triumph today
Tomorrow shows champions few.

But rightness rises from every defeat;
The Christs come down from the cross;
The truth that dies is a buried seed,
And its harvest makes good the loss.

We are not informed at what time or how the good angel visited him. We trust that the flutter of its wings fanned him to sleep. We rejoice in his faith that he rests in the arms of the All Father, who to him was easily interpreted in terms of law and order, of science and progress.

THE BLENDING OF COLORS.

(AN OLD CONFED. WATCHES THE PARADE.)

When we had played the game, had laid
Our last lone stake, and all was through;
When those four years of blood and tears
Were done, we boys in gray were blue.

The years have passed, and now, at last
I stand and watch the lines today,
And think how strange to see the change,
For all the boys in blue are gray.

Ah! blue relents and gray repents,
And fiercest passions seem but mean,
When blue and gray both pass away
And God blends over both his green.

—*Exchange.*

In Memoriam

Edward Payson Powell

My consciousness of personal loss in the recent death of the Rev. Edward Payson Powell reminds me of the somewhat mitigating fact that it was he who introduced me to the Editor of UNITY, "a great, good man," as he then and always said, and in the fullest confidence that we "would like each other." What has since followed in the columns of UNITY would seem to confirm Mr. Powell's prophetic vison and hope. But this was only one of many instances where he proved a friend worth having; and as I think of it and feel it so gratefully now, I cannot but try to add one more star to the crown of his everlasting rejoicing, and thus seek to repay, somewhat at least, by this more vivid evidence of what is and always will be in my heart, as I remember him.

My introduction to Mr. Powell himself was as unusual as has been so much of our association since. He was to speak before our local "New Century (Woman's) Club," and I had been "smuggled" in by its friendly president to hear him and then to meet him. Imagine all our alertness and stir at his very first words, which were in effect, "I have addressed many audiences, but seldom if ever one composed entirely of women!" Smiles all about and something like blushes from within produced a most vivid impression on my mind, one, however, that served to spice the after meeting most acceptably.

Visiting Mr. Powell in his own home soon after, and somewhat frequently as the years went along, I duly found him to be what everyone else had said of him;—individualistic almost to eccentricity, forceful, intelligent, high-minded, original, and industrious to an exceptional degree. Whether it were recounting his experiences in the West, or with the neighboring Hamilton College, his Alma Mater, for which he held a most noble affection and a most conservative yet constructive interest, or whether it were explaining the various steps by which he had succeeded in producing some new "seedling" in his beloved garden, or whether it were up under the roof in the midst of his well-used books and original manuscripts scattered here and there,—wherever I found him, it was always an occasion for learning something good and for being inspired to something better. Strenuous he certainly was; independent to the backbone, too; critical, reforming, hoping; doing all he could from being so full of an "explosive sort of goodness," which, among other things, kept him from never ceasing and never despairing, so far as I ever saw.

I knew him perhaps most intimately in connection with the so-called "Greenacre on the Piscataqua," conducted then by Miss Sara J. Farmer, for whom Mr. Powell had the deepest admiration, and to whom he most heartily introduced me, that I might share in her beneficent enterprise. So long as he could, he loyally supported Greenacre, and often expressed regret that he could not continue to do so, and more influentially. Our conversations about all this were among the best and most fruitful of those that I was privileged to have with him.

Another source of friendly and cheerful fellowship with Mr. Powell was in the "Rural Art Association" of his native town, Clinton, N. Y. Here he was en-

tirely at home himself, and enthusiastically made everybody else feel so, too, especially when the meetings were held at his own home, as they sometimes were. It was a high order of entertainment just to listen to his advocacy of fruit for food, flowers for joy, and trees for seclusion and protection. One could well believe that his very own soul had sometime been even more closely akin to the objects that he so lovingly and so wisely dwelt upon.

And then there came erratically to be a little "club" of congenial spirits that held together at least long enough to find each other out somewhat, and to get the sweetness as well as the strength that naturally came from this. In this, Mr. Powell was again radical and energetic in thought, if not always systematic and convincing in discussion. Speaking of system, brings to mind his tenacious effort to establish a somewhat more extensive club or "school" or "Chatauqua," which he planned to be held at his home, but which must be universally subservient to by-laws so numerous and unusual, to say the least, that system itself would have been quite out-systematized, beyond a doubt. One of them I well remember. "Everyone was to be in bed by eight o'clock,"—and this in June! Of course, one meeting proved enough; but the idea lingered in the projector's mind for many months, and I doubt if he ever entirely forgave the rest of us for not taking to the devious enterprise more enthusiastically.

But through everything, as well as through every kind of report about everything, about his abolitionism, about his educational notions, about his theology and philosophy of life and neighborliness and authorship and every detail of daily life as well,—about and through everything so far as I ever saw, Mr. Powell was absolutely true to his convictions, decisive in every action, and successful in all goodly achievement. He believed in things, he believed in himself, he believed in God, as he conceived him really to be, and in persistently trying to do all the good possible to his purpose and strength. He was very glad that his book, "Our Heredity From God," was called for so persistently, for as he would say, "The world needs it, I think." When most critical, he was yet most kind; when most misunderstood, he was ever most patient in the end; when most praised, he was seldom if ever over self-estimable.

It has been much to have known Mr. Powell. Often he was most instructive and stimulative of all that is best. Always he was friendly and careful and optimistic. The last time I saw him his eyes shone significantly with the gladness of meeting, even when he could not keep them from being dimmed with the pain of parting. And so, upon his Southern grave I would place a wreath of choicest Forget-me-nots; and to his memory would raise a shaft of bright and everlasting luster and on it would write, as most befitting his real self, HE FLINCHED NOT.

Utica, N. Y. SMITH BAKER.

A small boy was gazing at the picture of a lion. "Don't be afraid, little chap," said the artist, genially, patting his small guest on the head. "He won't hurt you." "Oh, I'm not afraid at all," came the response in a clear treble that caused every one to listen. "He doesn't look a bit as if he were alive, you know."

THE PULPIT

Men of the New Testament

IV.

Peter the Sectarian

A Sermon by Jenkin Lloyd Jones delivered at the Abraham Lincoln Centre, Chicago, December 6, 1914

STENOGRAPHICALLY REPORTED BY MISS MAY JOHNSON.

Prayer.

Teach us this morning, Father, one more lesson in the gospel of kindness. Lead us a little farther into the way of brotherliness. Reveal to us, Father, through our minds and hearts the quickening power of love for all the children of men, for all thy created children. Amen.

The old Masters loved to paint Peter with red hair. As he appears in the first three Gospels the fancy of the artists is justified. He is the impulsive, rash, explosive, changeable Peter. When we come to the miracles of Peter we see him rushing into the water, hoping to be able to imitate the Master and walk on the waves, but he sinks. It was Peter who in the hour of arrest carried a sword and drew it and cut off Malchus' ear. He received the prompt rebuke, "Peter, put up thy sword!" The exciting week was not over before this same valiant Peter, in the weary, small hours of the night, watching by the fire that burned low in the back yard, denied his Master with an oath, saying, "I know nothing of him." Once, twice, thrice. Then the cock crew and he came to himself. According to the story Peter was the first to recognize the returned Christ after the crucifixion. In the traditions of the Church Peter's name appears first in most of the lists.

In the Book of Acts Peter appears in a different rôle. This Book of Acts which was written forty years or more after the crucifixion, falls into two parts, roughly speeaking; the first part glorifies Peter, gives the details of the movement in Jerusalem. It is Christianity finding itself in its home town. The second part of the book is given to the adventures of the tireless missionary to the Gentiles; Christianity being cast out from the house of its friends, finds lodgment in the hearts of aliens, Gentiles, Greeks, Romans, barbarians, Scythians, who were caught by the message and touched by its power.

But the earliest glimpses of Peter are found neither in the first three Gospels, nor yet in the Book of Acts, but between the lines of Paul's nervous letters. Here he appears in a rôle very clear, very emphatic, but very unattractive. When Paul, some fourteen years after he saw "the great light," returned to Antioch, Peter came up from the capital city, a hundred and fifty miles away. He seemed to be content to eat and mingle with this missionary to the Gentiles and with his converts until James, the dogmatic brother of the Master, arrived. Then Peter withdrew his fellowship from the Gentile world. He seemed to be afraid that he would lose caste among his Jewish converts, and we have Paul's word that Peter accused him to his face, charging him with inconsistency and hypocrisy. Long after Peter disappears from the records of the New Testament there follows a malign influence on the trail of the heroic missionary to the

Gentiles. We come upon it in perhaps the earliest of Paul's letters, that to the Galatians. During a three years' absence somebody has been there, sowing the seeds of distrust in the minds of the Jews. There grew an anxiety lest somehow this new movement might escape the more fundamental boundaries of Judaism.

Whether he went to Thessalonica, to Corinth, Philippi, or anticipated his visit to Rome in his letter to the Romans, Paul faced this fundamental issue of the early Church. Was this new movement to be bound by Jewish rites and Jewish tradition, or was it to be thrown open to the waiting world? To put it more concretely, is there a way into the Christian fellowship other than through the Jewish door? The message of the Nazarene, "Yes." But the rites of Abraham, the ceremonies of the Temple, the fundamental requisite of Levitical law, says Peter and his followers, "No." "The old order gives way to the new," says Paul. Thus, Peter appears clearly as the leader of that Judaic-Christianity which was the marplot to Paul's open door Christianity.

So the irony of history! Organized Christian ecclesiasticism builded on Peter and not on Paul! Peter is the boasted cornerstone of a great historic section of Christendom. Peter has been glorified with the greatest of church buildings and the imposing line of Popes, reaching down through nineteen hundred years, date their credentials back to him, who, in the chilly dawn, thrice denied the Master, and who, through the superb heroic years of Paul's campaign, sought to undo the work he did because it was too broad, because it menaced the boundaries which made organization safe and effective. In the silence of history let me not lay any false charge at Peter's door. It is scarcely probable that he himself stayed the heroic work of Paul but if it was not Peter it was an influence that was Petrine that helped lay the foundations of sectarian Christianity.

So I take him this morning as a type of the sectarian. In this course we come first upon the valiant, crude, heroic reformer, John. Then the radiant, scholastic student Stephen, who died for the cause. Next, that little Jew, the marvel of history, the motive power of Chritsianity in the first century, the great "Planter" of the world in the field of the spirit. And fourthly, we come upon this impetuous, impulsive, ardent, repentent, irrepressible Peter, whom the artists interpret as red-headed. We will forgive him his denials, we rejoice in the impulses so genuine and so heroic, but history must reckon with the sectarian.

Wherein lies the inspiration of the sect, which comes from the Greek word meaning "to cut," that which cuts you out, and cuts one off, and the Sectarians to separate the true from the false, the good from the bad, the saved from the damned in religion?

Let us be fair with Peter. First, in the sectarian there is the pride of descent. He takes shelter in the past, he glories in ancestry and he rests in antiquities. It was not the Jew of Jerusalem, nor yet the Jew of the dispersion scattered throughout Asia Minor, a mighty power of thought before the word of the Nazarene was heard of, that Peter was valiant for. But it was the Jew that died twelve hundred years before. It was Moses, it was that career of the Jew that faced the polytheistic invasions from the East or from the West. It was not the Jew that confronted Alexander and captured his respect; it was not the Jew that held true to his convictions on the banks of the Euphrates and returned after fifty years of exile to reconstruct and rebuild, in those heroic centuries immediately preceding the appearance of Jesus; but it was the ceremonial Jew, it was the Jew of the ritual, the Jew of that favored first Temple, which was never realized except in some poor, halting, imperfect fashion.

In all Christiandom there is a Petrine appeal to tradition, a pride of descent, a boast of ancestry.

If it is not saying the same thing, in the Sectarian there is a conceit of artistocracy. A dread of losing something in the way of dignity, a fear of the contamination of the crowd, dread of cheapening the message, of consorting with the vulgar. How we have corrupted that word of good Latin origin. Vulgar comes from a word that means the common, the popular. We, Democrats of the United States, professors of popular government, have helped degrade the word "vulgar." We use it only in a humiliating and reflecting sense. The Sectarian, consciously or unconsciously, affects a superiority from those on the outside.

But I suspect the narrowing movement in Jerusalem was chiefly justified on the score of efficiency, in order to make the movement practical. In these days, to use the figure of the steam in the cylinder, we are told that steam must be confined within definite limits if you are going to move the piston and set the machinery going. So the ecclesiastic wall is put up in order to generate power and momentum. Now if the Holy Ghost is a material like steam and is subject to the laws of physics and not of psychics there may be some force in the figure, but, inasmuch as I do not grant the premises, I am not going to waste time in meeting such an argument. I am simply stating it.

Analyze sectarianism everywhere and always and you will find these elements. Sectarianism rests in the past; it assumes the superiority of those on the inside; and it justifies itself by the argument, that if you are going to do something, you have to put a fence around your force.

I remember that, in the early days, the Committee on the Parliament of Religions met week after week and got nowhere, until one day one of our number said: "You know what is the matter? We have not faced the main issue. We must fix a boundary somewhere, before we can go to work." And the Committee seemed impressed by the brave statement of the brother. Then it was that young Frank Bristol, pastor of a Methodist Church in Evanston, subsequently pastor of the McKinley Church in Washington and now a Bishop in the Methodist Church, rose and said: "If I understand it, this is to be a world's parliament of religion. If so, let it be understood that if we can catch a naked Patagonian priest, we are going to do so, and bring him here." This led the way to the bigger truth, and triumph which finally was reached. At last, nineteen hundred years after Peter was in the grave there was a band of many thousand men and women who dared measure the power of religion without a fence around it.

Following this much of an analysis of the nature of the sectarian, let us ask what are the remedies for the sect? How are we to escape from this awful wastage that comes from the over-lapping, not only

of religious money, but religious energies, and, what is still worse, religious sympathies?

More study! More study on three reforming lines, first along the line of science, the science of life everywhere. The processes of nature, when understood, eliminate the pride of race and destroy the distinction of sect. Evolution has no room for stationary lines. Evolution ever beckons away from sectarianism.

Second, more study is needed along the line of history. How the pride of birth, the assumption of the superiority of class and caste fades in the light of the centuries and how they are lost under the sands that bury them in the flight of the millenniums. The Roman Catholic Church, the most stupendous achievement in the way of religious organization the world has ever known, maintained its essential integrity and domination for a thousand years or more, then Luther came and it began to disintegrate. It is a power yet statistically, but its potency is going, not so much from any assault from the outside, but from being disintegrated by the power of thought on the inside. All aristocracies, whether of creed or of political assumption, in the long run, grow stupid, intolerable, inefficient and eventually die.

Third, the study of prophecy destroys the sectarian inspiration. Judaism as a principle has survived to this day by the power of the Decalogue, by the high demands illuminating the pages of its history. Judaism survives as a principle today, as a sect, from the inspiring message of her prophets and the glories of the Psalms. John Stuart Mill, the great radical of the early part of the nineteenth century, glorified the Hebrew prophets and placed them at the base of what he called the rise of representative government. The prophets salute one another across the distances. Isaiah beckons to Plato, Jeremiah to Confucius, Sokrates modestly subscribes to the ethics of Moses. But Judaism as a sect, a people apart, survives by the tyranny of the Abrahamic rites, by the inclusion of its ceremonies, by the insistence on the secondary conditions of the spiritual life, represented by the Kosher, and the formalities of the Synagogue. The poets of Israel will not stay hemmed in. Its prophets overflow all limitations. They will not be hemmed in by these formalities.

The story of Keshub Chunda Sen, the Brahmin who sixty years ago, with great insight and power escaped from the fetters of conservative Brahminism, felt the inspirations of the ancient Vedas, knew the dreams of the Hindu poets. He translated the story of the New Testament into Sanskrit—the ethical part of it—he said it was no use translating the miracles, "for we can beat your miracles and ours are more imposing ones." But even the sainted Keshub Chunda Sen, dying in a foreign land, was found to have the sacred cord still around his body. This was the last tie that bound him to the past; this one symbol of a gracious ancestry of inspiring descent, even he had not been able to break.

Now let us consider, for a few minutes, the economy of sectarianism, the oft-repeated claim that if we are "going to do anything we must set up our barriers." It is a wicked waste of human resources, born out of the attempt to confine the spirit within boundaries, to reduce the Holy Ghost into a steam engine. The Holy Ghost doesn't work that way. At most it never has worked with any great efficiency. You no sooner have your machinery started, the wheels flying, the cogs and belt fixed, than the fire goes out below. Then what is an engine without fire? What is a cylinder without steam?

The sociological student today looks forth upon a vast array of religious enginery, specially constructed and erected at great cost, of which the output scarcely justifies the expenditure. The best the sectarians achieve is to be able to furnish steam enough to keep the thing going. Nothing must be hitched to it lest it will stop the machinery. It has not steam enough for work, it merely goes.

The old quest for perpetual motion has fallen into disrepute, for what would it be going for? The wildest dream of the intelligent was to discover a machine that would run itself, but never anything else. So the mighty engines of religious sects and the still more mighty engines of the political sects of the world are exhausting themselves in trying to generate steam enough simply to keep alive, to keep going, to justify the sect and to maintain the party.

The other day I met a group of people in Chicago representing five different humanitarian activities in the city, each of them over-lapping the other, so that it became a scandal to the committee as to whose business it was to investigate the charitable activities of the city. They summoned the representatives of these five different associations in Chicago and said: "In Heaven's name, get together, so people may know where to put their money," "The Law and Order League," "The Committee of Fifteen," "The Illinois Vigilance Association," "The Anti-Saloon League," "The Midnight Mission" or where? After this scandalous situation was exposed by a few on the outside, then, promptly came the various representatives of these societies out of the fervor of their experiences and the sincerity of their hearts to plead for their lives. Of course, one said: "If you kill 'The Law and Order League,' who will there be left to enforce law and order?" "The Committee of Fifteen" said, "Keep hands off, for we are doing something. Don't touch us just yet." "The Illinois Vigilance Association" said, "We are quite willing to go out of existence but we must be assured that our work will be taken care of." So now when a poor girl is picked up on the streets, debauched and deserted, it takes a more analytic mind than mine to know just where to turn to get her help or comfort. But why are these five societies needed anyhow? Where are the fifteeen hundred churches of one kind or another? What are they doing about this girl? What are they doing about violated ordinances, about abandoned wives and beaten children? Where are the churches? Where are our mayors and aldermen? What becomes of our ordinances? Do we lie awake nights, forging new ordinances, too weak to be executed? For every new inequality that appears, behold a new organization to judge and correct it. One of the curses of the twentieth century is sectarian organizations in the interest of the humanities. I believe in peace. I stand for woman's suffrage, and a good many other causes of the Lord, but I am uncertain whither my obligations go when organizations present these efforts. There are more woman's clubs and woman's organizations and man-institutions than any sane mind can keep up with. There are more temperance societies

than any lover of temperance would consider it economical to put his life into. We are just now under the cry of more policemen, but what is the use of more when now we have a thousand or more inefficient ones, disloyal ones, already on hand. They are as a ball and chain to the ankle of the city, a handicap to progress. It all comes from the awful weight of enginery borne out of the sectarian cry for more organization.

It would seem as though the most important function in any of the would-be political and philanthropic organizations now-a-days is the "Committee on Membership," and their function is to guard the gate and see that no undesirable person gets in. That mystic "blackball' of the lodgeroom, that ominous "investigation committee" of the club that retires so many names that are never heard of afterward, there is the conspiracy of the organization not to tell secrets. No Jew can get into any of the so-called social clubs down town, the University Club among them, but no one knows why. The "Committee" is pledged never to tell the secret, all in the interest of an efficiency that is delusive.

The sectarian in religion has brought organized Protestantism into the scandal and imbecility of today. Sectarianism in politics has brought Europe to the dire situation in which we now find it. The mad Petrine conviction that the destiny of humanity is bound up, not with the noble in human nature, but with the noble in German, Briton or Slav nature. It assumes that there is a permanent difference, a radical distinction, that not only reaches back but reaches forward to whatever is noble in the future.

This Petrine handicap of Christianity has extended through the civic and political organizations of the world. A political orthodoxy is responsible for the present situation of Europe. King, Kaiser and Czar with their military staffs represent sectarianism in statecraft, the blindness of patriotism, the unscientific aspiration, that unlikeness and antagonism in interest is more profound than the likenesses and the community of interests that unite all races and all nations into a brotherhood that is real. A recognition of this brotherhood leads to the efficiency which is for all time, the competency which we have failed to reach, the prosperity and progress of the race for which we pray. War is sectarian and you might reverse the sentence and say that in crippling sectarianism there is a long war. So far as there is universal faith in the common elements in human nature just in so far shall we come to the pacific order.

Sir Thomas More said there were few churches in Utopia, but they were large. There but few parsons are, but they are men of exceptional piety and scholarship, and when the services are held they are attended by the whole population. This is a solution that is not Utopian. It is a hint that has in it intense practicability.

I told you how the Committee on the Parliament of Religions met and met again and failed to do anything until they caught the inspiration of the young Methodist minister, who said: "Let us see what we can do in a WORLD Parliament! For seventeen days, three times a day, two great halls holding thirty-five hundred each, were crowded, under circumstances by no means comfortable, because people from remote parts of the world with different names for God and varying rituals wanted for once to feel the power of a great togetherness of heart, so they left their creeds behind them at home and came into the consciousness of a greater brotherhood.

Max Mueller wrote some months afterward, "Why did you not tell us that you were going to have a Parliament of that kind. It will be the regret of my life that I was not there. It would have been the culmination of my studies." We wrote him, "We did tell you but you would not believe us. We hardly believed it ourselves."

Some months ago I talked with a representative of a religious body in San Francisco, regarding the coming Exposition. I said, "What are you going to do along the religious line? Are you going to have another Parliament?" He replied, "One thing we do know. We will not have a Parliament. We do not want that! We have never recovered from the Chicago disaster." The Parliament was a potency that endangered the potency of the sects. The sectarian, Peter like, was jealous of his God, anxious for his Savior. He had not studied the parables of the Good Samaritan and the Golden Rule. How far can we trust the law of gravity outside of a building? How far can we trust the multiplication table outside of the counting room? How far can we trust the Golden Rule without ceremonies to sanctify it, and without a constitution to qualify it and without a committee to watch it? The potency of religion has been thwarted, fettered, handicapped by the Petrine influences in Christianity. Noble as has been the achievement of Rome, imposing as is its territory, it is a vanishing thing in the history of the world. It will go like all the other great hierarchies have gone. Popes will lose their power as Kings have. The exclusions of the cardinals become imbecile, but the universalities of love and beauty, the awesome power of moon and sun, the innocence of a newborn babe, will continue ever to appeal to the human heart, and to lift it Godward. I don't know where the line is to be drawn that will stay, for "Line in nature is not found," says Emerson. "Unit and universe are round." Good and bad there are, better and worse everywhere, but there is no line that you can survey between Catholic and Protestant, between Judaism and Jesus, between the Hottentot and the civilized man. They all have a common nature down there. They all have a common destiny, I must believe, up yonder. I don't know where or how but the overlapping territory in religion is the sacred territory. There are a hundred and sixty-two different sects in religion according to the census in the United States, all of them more or less solicitous about their boundaries, but they all affect the same attitude toward the Divine and feel the same pangs of the human. Our inefficiencies are borne of our cowardice, and that I imagine was the most striking defect in Peter. The same thing that took the courage out of him that dark morning was the power that made him backwater at Antioch when James came, leading him to change his plans and say: "It is not safe to take in all these rag, tag and bobtail. There must be an element of aristocracy if it is to succeed." There is a lack of courage that stands in the way of making the overlapping territory the central thing in religion.

Some years ago I lectured in a little town down state. I was cheered by seeing a sign on a church, "The Progressive Church." I said that is mine, I

want to see about the progressive church. I inquired about it and found it was a progressive branch, a schism from the Dunkards, and the great element of their progression was that their men might put buttons instead of hooks and eyes on their coats. The parent church said, "You must put hooks and eyes," but this progressive church permitted buttons but insisted on the triune baptism. They must be placed under the water three times in the name of the Father, in the name of the Son and in the name of the Holy Ghost, in order to make the baptism efficient. This "progressive church" also stood fast on the ceremony of the washing of the feet which must be done every Sunday.

It was the joke of the good Brooke Herford that a certain reformed church had reformed a "quarter of an inch." How few of us have courage enough to believe that human nature itself is a good, safe ground upon which to plant the best Gospel in sight. The best is none too good for humanity at its lowest, and the best we can reach represents the best in human nature. If we want efficiency we must rise into the Pauline comprehensiveness and escape from the Petrine handicap.

Humanity is one, not only in a common origin, but one in a common yearning which justifies religion in predicting a common destiny. The sectarian may run his trial lines where he may, the dogmatist build his fences as he pleases, the social upstart and the proud representative of "leading" races, "triumphant" nations, "dominant" stock, and all that, and all that, but their lines are arbitrary; their fences are not only cruel but they are fragile; they tumble. Talk as you please about sheep and goats, believer and skeptic, theist and atheist, Christian and Pagan, civilized and savage, black and white, high and low,—science joins hands with religion in declaring these distinctions more rhetorical than philosophical; more temporary than permanent. All sectarianism in the end contains a lying assumption. All caste and classes in the long run are convicted of audacity in trying to make lines where God has made none. Better and worse there are everywhere; best and worst there must be somewhere, did we but know where to look for them. But "good" and "bad" as fixed and positive classes there are none and never will be. The purest hearts bear stains of hatred and bitterness; the blackest show touches of beauty, some folds of spotless white. Dig your hell as deep as you please, you cannot dig it so deep but what something good and beautiful will be dragged to the bottom-most circles, if a human soul goes there. Build the walls of heaven as high as the throne of God, and some weakness and wickedness will climb there, if human nature goes there.

I cannot forecast eternity. I know not what the infinite economies have in store for the soul of man; I am content to wait the unrolling of the scroll to my astonished gaze, day by day. But I do believe that the destiny of your soul and mine is eternally linked with that of the lowest wretch in the city on the one hand and with the peerless Jesus on the other. There are invisible but indestructible chains linking the purest woman to the coarsest and both move in a "chain gang," united ankle to ankle, wrist to wrist, not by a maligant fate but by a benignant providence. It is well for us that it is so. Who would dare ask to be cut loose from this far-reaching destiny, this divine kinship? They talk of "saved" and "lost" as if the immortal career of souls is to be determined by the accidents of birth, training, creed, inheritance or intuition; such talk is false to science, to prophecy and to experience. The highest hopes and instincts of the human heart say:

"Let me be damned with the struggling, toiling, pitiful millions rather than be saved with the selfish, complacent and dogmatic few, who say 'All souls are the devil's, but God is willing and able to rescue a few,' who are willing to cut themselves away from their kind and go to heaven in a special train under a bill of exceptions."

Peter still is dominant in the theology of Christendom, far beyond the limits of the Roman Catholic Church. In these days here in Chicago there is a bold attempt to federate the Christian churches. There is a Federation of Christian Churches with a University professor eminent in scholarship at their head. Read the list of these federated churches! I think there are thirty of them. When asked whether I want to go to Heaven with that federated crowd, or with those outside and beyond, I replied, "I find the "Federation" leaves out the bards and prophets in whom we find most inspiration. No Unitarian or Universalist or Independent must be allowed to pass into this federation of "Christian Churches" because as the leaders tell you they want efficiency, they want practical results, so they want those who are confined in the cylinder where the steam will generate such. The world shivers today for the want of the shelter that religious fellowship and love and sympathy might give, had the processes of the spirit not been hindered by the sectarian lines of the world. These "Federated Churches"—Heaven save the mark—are today guilty of an impiety that the Roman soldiers at the foot of the cross would not perpetrate. When it came to the last garment, "woven from the top throughout without seam," even the flippant soldiers would not lay destructive hands on it. "We will not divide this garment, but preserve its integrity and give it to him who receives the successful lot."

I wish I might, as I must every Sunday, try to bring this sermon to bear on the problems of today. No, it is not the Kaiser, the Czar or the King of England who is responsible. It is the deep-rooted fallacy of Christendom that can be traced in its malign influence all the way down from poor, impetuous Peter to the last mustered soldier under arms, the innocent peasant, who leaves behind him starving wife and crying children, to destroy his brothers, with no sin to justify it. It is a culmination of sectarianism which in the last analysis is born out of the conceit of descent, an aristocracy of the present, a cowardice in regard to the future.

Give us courage, Father, to rise above our prejudices, to lay aside our conceits and to find Thee in the outreaching love of the human heart, in the broadening fellowship of humankind. Amen.

"A friend in need"—my neighbor said to me—
"A friend indeed is what I mean to be;
In time of trouble I will come to you,
And in the hour of need you'll find me true."

I thought a bit and took him by the hand:
"My friend," said I, "you do not understand
The inner meaning of that simple rhyme,
A friend is what the heart needs all the time."

—*Henry Van Dyke.*

Art Aids the Humanities in the War Play "Moloch"

At last, art has come effectively to the defense of the humanities in this dire emergency in human civilization. Art is always at the service of peace. It is the ultimate refutation of the sophistries of war and the platitudes of conventional statesmanship. Art always builds on the truths that are universal and on the common humanities. When Vereschagin simply transferred the truths of the battlefield to his canvas it was such a demonstration against war that it compelled the militant centers of Europe to deny his pictures exhibition room. The Baroness von Suttner's realistic descriptions of the battlefield, plain, honest interpretations of the camp, confounded the cabinet officers, compelled the civilized world to take new reckoning of the situation.

It is significant that the most effective exposition of the horrors of war and exposure of the fallacies that fire belligerent nations with murderous patroitism has been produced by the hand of an American woman.

Judging from the standpoint of art, "Moloch," now being performed at the Powers Theater, is a most notable creation. Were its scenes not so grewsome and its lesson less effective, it would be destined to a great run. It yet remains to be seen how much truth about war and warlike men and maneuvers the English-speaking people will endure. This play is not destined to become a matinee favorite.

Two forces will work against its popularity. One, the timid recoil from disagreeable facts, the people who do not wish to go to a theater to be harrowed, who think that "life is sufficiently grewsome anyhow and that the theater should relieve its tension." These people will not go to see "Moloch." Then there are the people who believe that the country is in danger from some imaginary "nerveless pacifists," the "cowardly men," who believe that the bayonet and the cannon are survivals of brute weapons that are to be outgrown.

The editors and preachers who want to secure peace by provoking war, the army and navy "league" men who are carrying on a gum-shoe campaign among business men, trying to impress them with the fear that the nation that has been undisturbed by an outside power for over a century is liable at any time to fall a victim to some invading power because of the inadequacy of our navy and the inferiority of our army; such people will do what they can to break the force of this tremendously strong exhibition not only of the accursedness of war but of its imbecility, the foolishness of battlefield patriotism and the military wastefulness of national resources.

Holbrook Blinn's company has left nothing to be desired in the rendition of this powerful drama. It is a company of common people, reflecting the ordinary experiences in times of war. There is nothing of the melodramatic in it. The points are made without argument.

There is no speechmaking. The dialogue is crisp, abrupt and marvelously simple. From the little boy to the sophisticated bachelor professor, so militant in spirit, so solicitous of his goldfish, there is a suppressed force, restrained energy. Every actor compels attention and contributes to the artistic finish.

The lines are so brief and terse and telling that they testify to the fact that the whole drama was born out of an emotion that could not be wholly suppressed, out of an agony that must find expression.

Such a masterpiece as this does not need to carry its foot notes on to the stage. The characters have no occasion to interpret themselves, they are self-interpreting. It is impossible to keep the study of this drama from the conclusions which it enforces.

How inevitable and swift are the savageries of war! But the highest cost of these savageries are not represented by the burnt homes, the ruined orchards or the physical wrecks, but by the spiritual degeneracy.

How has this plain gentleman, a man of refinement, devoted to his home, a loving father and tender husband, by a few months of war become degenerate by the dissipations incident to the camp life! The younger brother comes home paralyzed by a bullet from the enemy, which chained him for life to his wheeled chair. The older brother comes home paralyzed of will, wrecked by rum, nerveless and helpless.

How cruel are the superficial alignments of war! The young chemist, the physician with high ideals, with dreams of future conquests of disease, betrothed to a charming maiden, because he was a "foreigner" must go home to fight the enemies of his country, to take up arms against those whom he loved, to be destroyed by those who loved him and whom he had served. In this drama we see the conventionally patriotic mother, proud of her military ancestry, one who has "lived through two wars" and who sent her "little boy" away with her blessing, brought at last by grief to respect the mother in her heart above the call of "patriotism," that changed the enemies of one war into the allies of another. The sophistries of the academic uncle are familiar to the readers of newspapers, even in this democratic land of ours.

No one conversant with the facts of war can accuse the author of "Moloch" of exaggeration. Any old soldier who saw service from '61 to '65, in the most intelligent war ever waged can verify these experiences out of his own experiences or those of his immediate comrades.

Unless this drama be interdicted by a public sentiment akin to that which intercepted the Vereschagin exhibits in Europe, because the truth is told too plainly, "Moloch" is destined to have a great career as a stage play. If it falls short of this for the reasons ascribed, it will still stay in literature as a great work of art, charged with humanity, a contribution to contemporary statesmanship, an exposition of the fallacies of war lords and militant legislators. The dictum of the man of battle, that "so long as man remains war will remain," is refuted by the play itself. Intelligence will dismantle the hosts. A realization of the simple facts of the battlefield will vitalize our religion, summon our boasted Christianity to the front, and war will become a thing of the past as dueling, feudalism, the "rack," the "wheel," the "thumbscrew," the "iron maiden" are things of the past. The cannon and the bayonet will be relegated to the same museum, and this woman's brain, quickened by a woman's heart, interpreted by the masterly company of Holbrook Blinn, will help bring about this consummation.

The citizens of Chicago cannot afford to miss this great contribution to the issues of the day, and splendid display of dramatic art and skill.

The Chicago Examiner, May 25, 1915. —*Jenkin Lloyd Jones.*

PUBLISHED WEEKLY **UNITY** ESTABLISHED 1878

The Unity Publishing Company

Abraham Lincoln Centre

$2.00 PER ANNUM

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"Entered as Second-Class Matter, January 12, 1899, at the Postoffice at Chicago, Illinois, under act of March 3, 1879."

THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do Good is my Religion."

A CORRECTION.

It is the Rev. Elizabeth Padgham of Rutherford, N. J., that is to address the "Fellowship for Social Justice" during the Anniversary Week in Boston and not Alexander Padgham, as was stated in a recent note.

ANNUAL CONFIRMATION CLASS ALUMNI BANQUET.

On the evening of May 14th the Confirmation Class Alumni gathered in Emerson Hall, at the Abraham Lincoln Centre, for their twenty-sixth annual dinner. Of the possible seventy alumni in the city, thirty were present and with their guests made a company of over fifty.

After the time-honored dinner of chicken and ham, which was arranged by Amy Foster, had been fully enjoyed, the following program was given:

Song.

President's Address.....Alice Thayer

Reports of Secretary-Treasurer.. .....Edith Lobdell

Welcome to Class of 1915..... .....Cleaver Thayer

Response .....Catherine Collins

Song.

What the Alumni Are Doing—
Adah Whitcomb Edith Lobdell
Helen Johnson Joseph Hanson

Our Friend and Pastor..... .....Jenkin Lloyd Jones

Our Chorus of Faith..... .....Response by Alumni

Song.....The Crowing Day

Benediction.

The president asked that a committee from the Alumni be offered to the other agencies at the Lincoln Centre to help with the general propaganda of peace with the idea of enlarging the work through the non-resident alumni. Later in the evening a motion for such a committee was carried. The committee will work during the summer and have plans ready for an early start in the fall.

Adah Whitcomb, the successful head of the largest branch of the Chicago Public Library, talked on the "Business of Being a Librarian." Helen Johnson, a freshman at the University of Chicago, gave her ideas on the choosing of a vocation. Edith Lobdell, who for several years has been composing for the piano, played several selections of her own composition, and Joseph Hanson told what it means to be in business and how much he tried to carry the ideals of his Confirmation Class training into his work.

Perhaps the best part of the evening was when Mr. Jones, after he had spoken his kind, friendly words which always mean so much to his young pupils, took up the copy of "Unity Hymns and Chorals," which has all the class mottos, and called the roll of the classes. Representatives of the various classes rose as their numerals were called and named over those who had been with them, and if possible, what they were doing. The names of many absent ones were recalled and reminiscences were indulged in. The whole spirit of the evening was one of fellowship and a desire for renewed efforts.

The officers for the coming year are: Robert Hammond, president; Ruth Lobdell, vice-president; and Helen Johnson, secretary-treasurer.

A. C. T.

PROPERTY LOSS IN THE WAR.

At the end of December, M. Henri Masson, Avocat of the Court of Appeals of Brussels, placed the loss to Belgium at over $1,000,000,000. The main items in his account were $235,000,000 in the destruction of buildings and trade in the cities of Liege, Louvain, Namur, Charleroi, Malines, Dinant, Alost, Tirlemont, Termonde, and Aerschot. The loss in Antwerp and vicinity was estimated at $100,000,000. Damage in rural districts to crops, cattle and buildings was placed at $280,000,000 and to state buildings, railways, bridges, roads, etc., $240,000,000. Finally, interruption of trade, loss of pay, etc., was put down as $200,000,000. Three months have elapsed since this compilation was made.

That part of France occupied by German armies since September represents about 4 per cent of the Republic, in which 8 per cent of the French population lives. An officer of the Credit Foncier has computed the territory under occupation to have a value of $1,900,000,000, or 7 per cent of the entire land value of France. The commercial and industrial implements of the region are appraised at 11 per cent of the total. All of the Department of Ardennes, 55 per cent of the Department of Aisne, 12 per cent of Marne, 25 per cent of Meurthe and Moselle, 30 per cent of Meuse, 70 per cent of Nord, and from 10 to 25 per cent of several other departments are under German control. In this territory immense property destruction has occurred. In Rheims alone the loss is said to have been $250,000,000. In Lille the damage has been almost as great. The fugitive population numbers several millions. A very conservative figure of property destruction would be $1,500,000,000. France last month appropriated $100,000,000 for loans to small business interests who had been ruined by the war about them.

When the Russians made their first raid into East Prussia they did $250,000,000 worth of property damage. Since then towns that were partially destroyed have been wiped out of existence in being caught between the fire of the opposing armies. In Poland devastation as complete as in parts of Belgium has occurred, not only in little villages but in great cities. So the property loss at the eastern battle front has probably not been less than $750,000,000 to $1,000,000,000. One authority estimates a loss of $500,000,000 worth of steel in the sinking of merchant ships and war vessels, and this constitutes only a part of their total cost. One, therefore, can conceive the property loss of the war to date to have been four or five billions of dollars. Judge E. A. Gary, chairman of the United States Steel Corporation, believes this loss in eighteen months of war will be $35,000,000,000.—From "What the War Is Costing Europe," by Charles F. Speare, in the *American Review of Reviews* for April.

THE WAR'S COST AS REVEALED BY GOVERNMENT LOANS AND ESTIMATES.

One cannot go far wrong in footing up the operating cost of the war if one follows closely the government loans and the frequent estimates made before the British Commons by Premier Asquith or Lloyd George, by Finance Minister Ribot of France, and in the German Reichstag, of the daily toll to the Allies and their opponents. From these sources we have official sanction for the use of the following figures of

the military and naval cost from August 1 to April 1:

Great Britain	$2,000,000,000
France	1,750,000,000
Russia	2,000,000,000
Germany, including Turkey	2,500,000,000
Austria-Hungary	1,500,000,000

On the side of the Allies there is a further cost of, say $200,000,000, for services of Belgium, Serbia and Japan. Mobilization has cost Holland and Switzerland fully $150,000,000, and if we use the minimum figure, its cost to Italy has been $300,000,000. This gives an actual and verifiable cost of approximately $10,500,000,000, equaling the combined direct and indirect costs of the Napoleonic and Civil wars, the two most expensive of the last four generations, and we will not include in it $200,000,000 which Spain has had to raise to meet her deficit.—From "What the War Is Costing Europe," by Charles F. Speare, in the *American Review of Reviews* for April.

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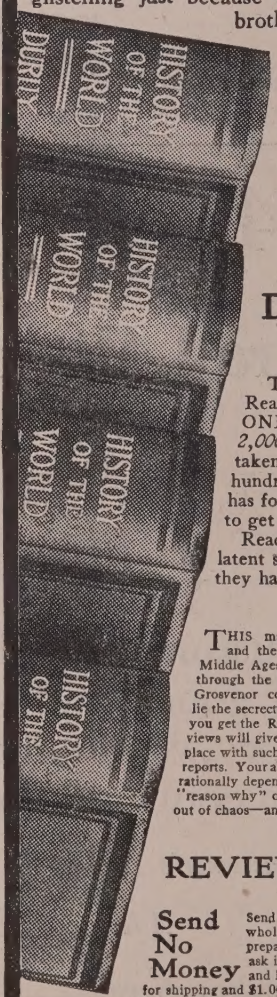

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